

RECEPTION EDITION

TOIKE OIKE



TOIKE OIKE, TOIKE OIKE, OLLUM TE CHOLLUM TE CHAY,
SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, HURRAY, HURRAY, HURRAY.

Vol. XXX

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No. 2

UTOPIA PREFERRED TOIKE OIKE STARTS SOMETHING

Toike Oike again scoops the Campus! With a co-ed coefficient of 184¾ men to every co-ed in "School" and with the three most outstanding Social Functions of the University Year, the Soph-Frosh, School Nite and School Formal (each of which promises to surpass all previous records) looming up on the horizon, *Toike Oike* decided it was high time something was done and here it is:

Toike Oike is advocating a Date Bureau, so that all loyal Schoolmen can get out and really enjoy their parties without running the risk of a blind date or worse still, no date at all. The dates are to be strictly for Schoolmen and strictly for School Dances and strictly first class.

U.C. has long been the focal point of S.P.S. transits and many a survey has been made of those front steps and many a sortie made against those doors. So the *Toike Oike* staff haunted the rotunda at U.C. during the first days of the Fall term, interviewing the Freshettes and obtaining their opinions on the Date Bureau. Excursions were also made up to Vic and yes, even to the U.C. Soph-Frosh Dance last week.

Needless to say the freshmen were 100% for School Dances, School Men and the Date Bureau and signed up to a woman!

So men, here's your chance, if you're behind the Date Bureau, leave your name at the Engineering Society and if we have your support, steps will be taken to secure official recognition from the Engineering Society Executive.

Here are a few of the interviews with some of the fifty co-eds who are already on file:

Miss Janet Tupper, fair haired First Year President, of the W.U.A., thought that a School Date Bureau was an excellent idea, particularly for the U.C. Freshettes, who had little opportunity of meeting Schoolmen, although very definitely interested in School Dances. Miss Tupper prefers School

(Continued on page 4)

PEACE AND WORK

The world to-day seems full of peacemakers or, at any rate, most of it is, and especially the Anglo-Saxon part of it. Since the last issue of *Toike Oike*, we have gone through a maze of war talk, war crisis, near war, near peace, and finally peace; at least for the present.

The British Empire has always been a peacemaker. For the last hundred years its energies have always been toward that end. In our grandfathers' days they lived in the "piping times of peace" under Queen Victoria. In our fathers' time it was King Edward, who was known as "the peacemaker", and in our own time King George and the Empire fought the Great War to secure peace. Our own King George of to-day and his advisers are now straining everything to maintain the peace. Mr. Chamberlain has won the admiration of the world for his courageous stand for peace. The next year or so will disclose the results of success or failure of all these efforts.

To-day we live in the midst of alarms and apprehensions. There is nothing in one's life or business which is so disconcerting as uncertainty, mystery and doubt as to the future. Such situations generate hesitation, suspense and indecision. In this atmosphere one cannot easily settle down and proceed undisturbed with one's work. Whatever can be done successfully and happily to terminate this state, is to be encouraged and welcomed.

To come home to our own fireside at the "School" we, too, continue to strive for our own peace. Of one thing we can be certain and that is it will be ensured after this week in the traditional manner by the "get together" in the usual happy evening and supper in Hart House. One wonders these days, however, whether the process of "peaceful penetration" and occupation of Trinity campus may not now be outdated. Whether this October chestnut is still worth while gathering and whether there is not a more attractive and engaging way of becoming prop-

(Continued on page 4)

HOMBURGER

A feller came into my office and said he wanted me to write something for *Toike Oike*. I made a soft noise like demurrage, and then he said it was to be funny. That did it. Seized up the typewriter, froze my brain, and brought on my moment of inertia. I thought, kneaded my head, wedged my brain, until it is in the condition of softish toothpaste, and I got nothing. The only fruit were ideas about education that took a dark brown view, or paragraphs about totalitarianism. All about the colour of a night sky, and as funny as a passing bell.

Then, an idea. There had been a crisis in world affairs. Everybody talked about it. Everybody who could or could not write, wrote about it. All the people I know have definite opinions about it. The ideal subject for me to discuss. So the matter was revolved in my mind. Over and over again, and it came to very little. I didn't seem able to think the right kind of thoughts to be able to discuss a crisis in world affairs. There was some small thing missing from my state of mind.

I put the world politic into a box in a corner, and began to scheme out what ailed my state of mind that I couldn't think about such matters in that large and inclusive way that is so necessary. The drug situation was surveyed, and rejected as being too simple. I thought of cultivating delusions of grandeur, and even tried it, but the whole crisis changed scale to such an extent that it wasn't worth thinking about. I tried thinking thoughts of squalor, and the scale shift took place the other way, and the crisis was too horrible for words, and I didn't dare write about it. The answer came on Bloor Street. The state of mind was there in a window, a Homburger Hat, like the Foreign office folk wear in the street for Photographers. If I could get under one of those the machine would work and I could get the thoughts I was after. The hat was my size. I went in and put it on. Now I have a long head from front

(Continued on page 4)

The Toike Oike

Devoted to the interests of the Under-graduates of the Faculty of Applied Science.

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ALLEY CAT

Mee—Yoip! Purr—Purrupp!

Weaving gently from side to side, smirking a self-satisfied smirk, ALLEY CAT trickles up the boulevard to the tune of 40 BEERS with another scoop under his belt; leaving CHAMPUS CAT bottoms up in the Spittoon, unmourned, unhonored and unsung. Stumbling up the stone steps into the little Red Schoolhouse, skidding thru them swingin' doors, and finally pancaking into the only chair in the Engineering Society (tha rodent), A. CAT Esq. proceeds to maul the microphone.

"We are speaking to you from the International Muthematical Congress whose Test Trials are being held here on the historic Skule Downs course, not tomorrow, not yesterday, but today. From the Engineering Society window, we can see the whole course, from the Manhole in front of Meds (Quiet please), to the String Bean tree right beside that glorified water splash, the Hydraulics Lab. All the traditional ceremony and colour (green) is represented in the crowd to-day, milling around restlessly on Skule steps (Who let those ants loose in their pants?) and occasionally breaking out into horse cheers "HCL, HCL, Dirty Meds, go-tahell!" Gathered here to-day is a crack field containing such aces as Whistlebritches No. 997¾, Whiskerpuss No. 13.001, Feezeberg, Grousemy and even MitchyKat (We had a hel-luva job to drag him down from U.C.) No. 0.0001.

Dean Winchell is unreeling the red tape whilst the spirited nags are even now feeling their oats and pawing the ground (Don't ask!) The judges have just inspected the competitors, removing: (a) from Whistlebritches several tomes in Ukranian and a copy of the *Paris Police Gazette*, badly mutilated, (b) from Whiskerpuss, a thriller, "How to Kill Ladies", and a Limerick Encyclopaedia from which he insisted on quoting this one:

"There was a young man named Sharkey,
Who had an affair with a darkey,
The result of his sins, was quadruplets not twins,
1 White, 1 Black and 2 Khaki!"

Also Mr. Feezeberg was forced to give up his Minsky program to *Toike Oike* and Michykat was given a saliva test as a result of which he was nearly sent to the showers.

They're backing them up to the wire, the judges are warning them, "Shake hands, go back to ya corners and come out fightin' wid da gong." Michykat is acting up, he just made a pass at a nurse but was soon quieted down with a sledge hammer!

There's the starting gun, "Tantilly, Tantilly, Tantilly . . . "and they're off, in a cloud of dirt and horsefeathers, to the stentorian cry of "Play Ball."

Whistlebritches burns up the opening stretch hurdling a few more popular conceptions as $F=Ma$ and 2 and 2 makes 4, but there he got stuck on a broad basic fundamental for 2 times 2 also makes 4 or does it?

Grousemy forges ahead with Ze complex variable, but got side-tracked onto the Reynolds No. of the ozone in Hell, so that Engineers can fly (assist to Morley) as Mitchykat comes to close quarters with Ze grate stokes Theowem, firing a barrage of Fourier's and guff, heesup, heesdown, there he goes over left tackle, O.K. men jump on him, twist his legs, kill him!

There's a bit of excitement at the famous string Bean Tree Corner. It seems that Whistlebritches asked for time out, signifying in the usual manner and sprained himself in the rush. The nags are are getting hot and somebody started singing (something about 1492). The fire Department and/or the riot squad were called out to catch up with Mitchykat who disappeared down the Meds' Manhole while rassling with an Eigenfunction (or was that her name?) and was last seen burning up the sewers, on a northerly course, muttering dazedly "Date Bureau, Date Bureau, aw Hell!"

At this point the proceedings are breaking up in wild disorder, as Sally Rand blew in on a bubble, "Pardon us, Miss Rand, we're interviewing for *Toike Oike*. Yes, it's alright, the cops have searched the boys for pins. What do you think of School's new Date Bureau, especially when we're going to have Benny Goodman and/or Kay Kayser for the Formal? You'll be there? Goodbye please. Abyssinia.

ALLEY CAT & Co.

Co-ed—"Now that you've kissed me what do you think of me?"

Prof.—"You'll pass."

"I took a sales girl out the other night and stole a kiss."

"What did she say?"

"Will that be all?"

SPORTOIKE

School blew off the lid of the football season as she began her bid to regain last year's Intramural Championship.

Senior School ran the big St. Mike's Team all over the field in a hard driving game that found St. Mike's very lucky in winding up the bust with a 2-all tie.

In their first game, Junior School cracked Vic with such a drive of blasting power and screaming speed that the last year's champs simply bogged down, and drooled. Cruching, mashing plunging, searing passing, and reciprocal hell-high kicking that brought down blocks of frost on the ball, jellied the smug champs to a state of mellow wonderment.

Incidentally, the Junior and Senior football teams are being coached by Annis and Frank Stukus, of the clan Stukus of Argonaut fame, so School is very likely to cop off two easy titles with these boys doing the master-minding,—provided of course Ottawa doesn't completely disintegrate the Argos.

Looking ahead, School is planning big doings in Basketball and Lacrosse. As well as Junior and Senior teams in Lacrosse there will be a third team in a third group. Also there will be four Basketball teams including the Junior and Senior teams. All this means that no one need think that he hasn't a chance to play big-time Basketball or Lacrosse. Anyone turning out gets a fair deal, has a lot of fun, and meets a great bunch of fellows.

Sporttoike Views . . . Not only did School win the Chariot race, but she made the Meds taste mud in the brawl afterwards . . . The Big Blue Dream Team uncovered a couple of honeys in Rowland and Somers . . . Rowland exploded that left side of the McGill line right into the grass . . . and the dancilating syncopations of Somers around the big, speeding McGill ends was a treat to watch . . . this boy cloaks his amazing speed, and his great foot fools many a canny outside wing . . . the Varsity passing folded up when Prince and Gray found to their amazement that they couldn't whip that old pill around on the run like MacDonald does and unless you are running away from those hard charging McGillians your passes are liable to get tangled in a maze of Red arms—we suggest they wheel the "Cowboy" out on the field for the passes when the Team takes on the Redmen again . . . and besides, the Alley Cat is a lactescent droopy-drawers.

And now we'll go out and shoot a skunk, or the Alley Cat—which is adscitious.

CIVIL CLUB

This is the time when all Club Chairmen are asked to mutter a few words as to the proposed Club activities for the coming year. It is logical, then, that the CIVIL CLUB, having built up a reputation that is second to none, should already have certain enjoyable affairs behind them.

A most gratifying turnout attended our initiation dinner at Hunt's on October 12th; a somewhat smaller, but no less exuberant, gang journeyed to the Queenston and Ontario Power Plants at Niagara Falls, and thence found their way to Buffalo. Our next get-together, very probably taking the form of a Smoker, will be held at an early date. Watch for the details in your local newspapers.

Naturally, the success of any Club is due mainly to the support given the Executive by each and every member. The idea to keep foremost in our minds is that we can instigate and uphold that feeling of comradeship and acquaintanceship only if every fellow does his share in supporting all the Club functions.

The Executive will do its utmost to give you the best entertainment and enjoyment. Back them up whole heartedly and we feel sure that you will not feel that it has been wasted effort.

There are plans under way for a combined Dance with the M. & M. Club, and the formation of a Bowling League. The Fourth Year will meet any other year on the Bowling Alley,—Snooker Table or what have you. We hope you like it!

RUSSELL A. RULE,
Chairman.

MINING AND METALLURGICAL CLUB

The activities of the M. & M. Club got under way in the Music Room, Hart House, with a bang-up Smoker on October 6th. The Freshmen were introduced by the Sophs, and provided entertainment far exceeding that of recent years.

Next on the program is the big Dinner of the year, at Hart House, Dr. Chas. Camsell, Deputy Minister of Mines, is coming down from Ottawa to speak on the Northwest Territories with illustrated moving pictures.

We are extremely fortunate in the fact that the Honorary Chairmanship is being filled this year by Mr. J. Y. Murdock, President of Noranda, Pamour, Hallnor, Waite Amulet, and numerous other enterprises. At present, in England, he expects to be back in time for the Dinner.

All in all it looks like a very successful year for the Club, with so much enthusiasm being shown by all the

years. So everybody, get your membership cards and you will hear the exact date for the big Dinner shortly.

W. C. ATKINSON,
Club Chairman.

MECHANICAL CLUB

Ahoy! Department 3, and welcome back to another session. Here's hoping our noble crop of some seventy-six new Schoolmen has survived satisfactorily the harrowing hazard of horrible hounding by the Sophs, whom they will find are not bad fellows after all.

To help you eke out a well balanced existence while you are at School, the Mechanical Club is planning a varied program, which will give everybody a chance to mix socially, have a good time and acquire boundless knowledge.. Smokers will be held about once a month, where everyone eats, smokes and listens to a fine speech, usually accompanied by pictures, presented by one of our more learned engineering brethren.

Then there are the trips. Each year visits some industrial or Power Plant during the year, and gets first hand knowledge of how things are done in industry. The Fourth Year and the Third Year trips were arranged for Friday, October 21st; the Fourth Year to Queenston and Buffalo, the Third Year to Hamilton.

Will we have a Dance? That is the burning question—But if we don't, we'll have a Stag Party. They can't keep the Mechanicals down.

Whatever we have and whatever we do, it'll be what you fellows want, so let's have your suggestions. See your Year representative now, and tell him what you want. Stick to the Club and support its meetings, and we'll make this the best year ever.

ELECTRICAL CLUB

It has been said that the Electricals need more departmental spirit and clanishness amongst themselves. It is the aim of the Electrical Club, this year to sponsor that spirit. We hope you will be proud of its activities, but the best way for you to ensure that is to actively take part in them, and make them all a success.

The Fourth Year have been to Buffalo, (the lucky guys), and trips are planned for the other years separately. We hope you enjoyed our First Smoker—if you didn't you should have turned out.

Looking ahead, there's a rumour of a bowling night about November 18th. Better get in some practice now, for the winner will be given a ghost writer to do his labs!!

W. W. RAPSEY,
Chairman.

THE INDUSTRIAL CHEMICAL CLUB

The Club is already away to a flying start. Memberships are almost double those of last year. Fourth Year leads with 94%; First Year follows closely with 90%. Juniors are holding up with 66%. What's the matter with the Sophomores?

The luncheon meeting at Hart House on Tuesday, October 18th, was extremely successful. This new and obviously better affair has given the Club a new lease on life. We have set an all-time record with complete attendance. Mr. Lee Glover's address on the "Air Cell Battery" appealed to everyone present. The complete program was arranged by Fourth Year. This was just a sample.

Next month promises two major activities. On Friday, November 11th, the Third and Fourth Years depart on the annual trip. Firestone Tire and Rubber Company in Hamilton and the North American Cyanamide Company in Niagara Falls are to be the favoured plants. Both are well worth seeing and a successful day is anticipated. Shortly afterwards the next general meeting will take place in Hart House, preferably at noon. Third Year are to be responsible for the program, and we expect something new and different from them.

Here's to a bigger and better Chem. Club.

HUGH R. GREEN,
Chairman.

ENGINEERING PHYSICS CLUB

Hi fellows! It sure is great to be knocking around "Skule" once again, raising the odd bit of "Why We Came to College", shooting the stray bull and even polishing the odd rail (brass or iron).

We got off in a cloud of dust with our opening Banquet at Hunt's last Monday, at which Mr. Peter Gooch, of the DeHaviland Co., addressed us on "Tri-cycle Undercarriages," and also at which the Freshmen were royally welcomed. (They won't forget it for a long time!)

We hope to visit such places as Good-year, Anaconda Brass, Bell Telephone, (maybe even Buffalo!), and to have Smokers with Mr. Thomas, President of Perfect Circle Piston Rings, Bob McIntyre, who has been working on wind tunnels in England and Mr. J. H. Parkin head of Mechanical Engineering for the National Research Council at Ottawa.

So roll up men, and we'll have a real Club!

JOHN L. ORR,
Chairman.

PEACE AND WORK

(Continued from page 1)

erly acquainted with our newly found possessions, may now be a matter for consideration. Why can not the Second Year put on a really bewitching show—by themselves in person with professional help perhaps—in anticipation of the reciprocal Soph-Frosh dance?

With the passing of uncertainties and the coming of peace in the world, the way is wide open for carrying on one's work with diligence and purpose. Here in this Faculty, hard work is and always has been, the breath of life. It dates away back to the early Red School House days. Now will be the time—the next two months—for the nine hundred and twenty-eight in our Faculty to show the way as in most other things.

As always, School men work together in actuality, in their solidarity in the midst of this great University. The nature of their work goes in a sort of unison, like an orchestra. Their kind of work keeps in tune with their other activities and it has a music of its own. It is the music of good cheer, of happy hearts, of comradeship and of pride in the old "School" and its traditions—to say nothing of pride in the University.

Others know of this pride and this kind of music; they know of the gay rhythm with which the walls ring. Others sense the heartening lilt with which the work of the day seems carried on; none but graduates, however, who have been through it, have the real feel of its swing.

It is now a time for work. How often we say "Oh yes! I know a month has gone by and I am going to get down to real work; I am going to start Monday". Splendid! Are you? Will you? Of course we all know our own minds—or think we do. Well! "having made up our mind, let's stick to it". That old saying is as significant to-day as it was when first used in the dim ages of long ago.

We started off talking about peace and so far, we have fetched up talking about work and what we are going to do about it. We have two hundred days to live and work here this year; thirty have gone by!

If we are going to have peace, peace in our work and peace in our mind; if we know our own mind; if we have the will to stick to it and to our resolves, and if we have a mind that is made up to get deeper into work, then we are well started on our new college year. This kind of peace with work and work with peace will put a new intensity into study and some kind of new chivalry into college life.

"Go to your work and be strong

Halting not in your ways,

Baulking the end half-won

For an instant dale of praise.

Stand to your work and be wise

Certain of sword and pen,

Who are neither children nor God,

But men in a world of men."

C. H. MITCHELL,

Dean.

"INITIATIONENNE"

Now is the time for all good forty-beerers to come to the aid of the party. Since the time revered school initiation has become a reception for freshmen, it is only fitting that we should have a reception for the freshwomen (translators note—for the unlettered detritus and the more desultory the author is obviously referring to our freshettes). Thus it would seem that such time honoured school stories as "Her neck's dirty: Do she?" will have to be relegated to the pool room (C-22) Score!

There is no more fitting a place for such a celebration than Bloor and Avenue Road—south entrance downstairs—. In such elevating surroundings we can climb to a higher level and our humour can attain such a plane as

Q. What does a bat do in the winter?

A. It splits if you don't oil it.

or perhaps—Sixty gallons make one hedgehog—What!

And since none of our co-eds seem to be displaying their green ties, how are we to distinguish them from the holders of the hall at U.C.? Why not gentlemen, after all Rural life is found mostly in the country? While on the subject of rural life remember the soph-frosh on November fourth.

T'is rumored by the more discreet

That Calculus is quite a feat

But the s of soph d(frosh)

Is sure to be uncourted squarsh

When maestro Bob Lyons gives the down beat.

Flash!! Rumour has it that there will be a "Good Man's orchestra at the school at home, so get busy girls and send your names into our new school date bureau. Our motto is "Trust the School For Scandle!"

She—"Who is the guy 'Action' that everyone strips for?"

And then Mrs. Rafferty beat her husband up because she found a card in his pocket—Violet Ray, \$25.00.

Reg—"I know a guy that makes alcohol out of old shoes."

Nell—"That's nothing—I know a fellow who makes skirts out of doors."

HOMBURGER

(Continued from page 1)

to back, dolichocephalic I believe it's called. When the hat was on, it was pulled fore and aft, and rolled up at the sides. The impression in the mirror was of someone about to bust into comic strip. I tried others, all Homburger, and the result was always the same. They are all made for people with round heads. I got the first one back, and stood and meditated on my appearance, and the crisis. The things I thought about the crisis were wonderful. I had the world view. The broad vision and grasp necessary to solve all these problems were there under the hat. But it was impossible for me to wear the hat, and I left it in the shop. I have found that the ideas about the crisis were part of the hat. I can't think them without it, and they are still in it. The man who buys that hat will have them, like the prize in the popcorn, or that piece of china at the corner movie, and will be surprised.

The conclusion I have come to is that the Homburger hat made the crisis. I know that if I wore one there would be a crisis.

M.J.C.L.

UTOPIA PREFERRED

(Continued from page 1)

Nite, the Lambeth Walk and the tall Nordic type, but not too silent please.

Miss Helen Carr, of First Year, Trinity, grey-eyed brunette, was definitely different, and thought Schoolmen were different too! She thought the Date Bureau a fine idea and hoped that Tommy Dorsey would play for School Formal.

Miss Lois Munro, II Vic, had a brother at School, and so readily admitted School Nite was the bang-uppest affair on the campus. Miss Munro preferred her swing good and hot and thought the Lambeth Walk was about 10 degrees below zero absolute. (She favoured the Big Apple.)

Miss Jeannette McVicker and Miss Gwendolyn Plant, II U.C., maintained that they were career Girls, although they had often washed dishes. This was a new slant, particularly as they thought the Date Bureau filled a long felt need where Schoolmen were concerned.

Since Rumour has it that it is a toss up between Kay Kayser and Benny Goodman for School Formal, *Toike Oike* hopes the Date Bureau will be a Sizzling Success!!

Don't forget that if you go in for raising pigeons, the overhead is terrible